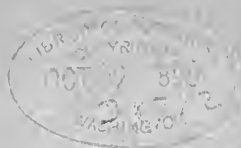


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# SI, THE TRAMP;

(A MELODRAMA)



BY

WM. F. ENSIGN.

L A I D I N S A N F R A N C I S C O

Time, 1880



HENDERSON & CRANE, PRINTERS, SAN FRANCISCO

1890



# SI, THE TRAMP

(A MELODRAMA)

By Wm. F. Ensign

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAMES CLAYTON, a Banker, and Guardian of Grace Saville.

CLARENCE MEADOWS, *alias* Allen Drake, James Clayton's Confidential Secretary.

DETECTIVE SPINNER.

SI, The Tramp.

MUGS, a Wandering Minstrel.

GIP, a Gamin.

PRINCE, a Waif, *alias* Albert Clayton, Jr.

MAX SHINBOURN.

JIMMY HOPE.

GRACE SAVILLE, ward of James Clayton.

MRS. DRAKE, a Nurse.

EMILY JORDAN, a Maid.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD, Landlady of the Home for the Weary.

Cashier, Teller and Clerk in James Clayton's Bank.

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## PROLOGUE.

SCENE—Interior of James Clayton's Banking House; time, three o'clock, P. M.; Clayton and Meadows at their desks in private office; Cashier, Teller, Clerk and Customers at counter in banking-room.

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Clayton—"Clarence, will you bring me my private box from the vault?"

Meadows—(Goes to vault and returns with box, places it on Clayton's desk, returns to his own; Clayton opens the box, taking out a small locket.)

Enter Spinner (to Clayton)—"I received your note requesting me to call, and have done so, hoping my oldest friend is not involved in anything of a serious nature."

Clayton—"Be seated and I will explain as briefly as possible, trusting you can attend to the affair."

Spinner (seating himself)—"I will be pleased to render any service in my power."

Clayton—"My son Albert, as you know, married against my wishes. After a stormy interview we parted, and never met again. I recently learned that shortly after we separated, he was taken ill and died, leaving his widow with a baby boy, to struggle with poverty and the world alone. She soon followed Albert to the grave, the child disappeared, a waif in the crowd of a great city. This locket contains Albert's photograph" (shows the locket) "and is a duplicate of one the mother placed on the baby's neck and the only clue to the child's identity. Its counterpart I hope you may find and with it my grandson."

Spinner—"I shall use all my ability to find the boy, and hope to be successful."

Clayton—"I will entrust to your care the locket and furnish you with money for expenses," (hands him the locket and a package) "and promise you a liberal reward if you find the boy. I leave for Europe in the morning, therefore my time is limited for arranging my business affairs. I will leave you my address in case you should wish to communicate with me." (Hands him a card.)

Spinner (arising from his chair)—"With thanks for the confidence reposed in me, I shall endeavor to solve this mystery, I wish you a pleasant voyage and safe return to your home." (*Exit Spinner.*)

Clayton (rises from his desk, takes the box and goes into the vault.)



Meadows (closes his desk, steps forward)—“Then will be my time, while he is absent I’ll make money. If I fail—well, Canada is not far off.”

Clayton (returning from vault)—“Clarence, will you dine with Grace and myself this evening? Then I will show the rooms you are to occupy.”

Meadows—“Oh, I thank you, it will be a pleasure to accept your invitation.”  
(*Exit Clayton.*)

Meadows—“Ah, everything is playing into my hand; I must make the most of the opportunity, and win Grace for a wife.”

(*Exit Meadows.*)

The Cashier, Teller and Clerk proceed to put the money and books into the vault, while they are doing so.

*Curtain.*

A lapse of ten months between Prologue and First Act.

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## ACT I.

SCENE—Corner of Market, Kearny and Geary streets. Time, half-past twelve o’clock, A. M. Several people passing through the streets.

Enter Gip—“I’z tired—I’ll take er snooz.” (Doubles up in a doorway.)

Enter Meadows (*D.S.*)—“Shinbourn will shortly come out of the club room. I must see him. James Clayton returns in a few days, then my shortage will be discovered. He wants money, I want safety.”

Enter Mrs. Drake (*L. turns U. S.*) (Veiled.)

Meadows (as they pass) “H’m, ah!”

Mrs. Drake (turns, throws back her veil)—“Allen Drake.”





Meadows (with a start)—“ You here, I left you in Denver !”

Mrs. Drake—“ Yes, and in the eye of the law, your wife. But the love that once filled my soul for you is dead, died when our child died. Go ! You are nothing to me !”

Meadows—“ Bah ! my wife ? What you supposed a marriage was a farce.”

Mrs. Drake—“ I can prove it by this ring,” (shows ring on her finger) “ and by my marriage certificate.”

Meadows—“ Give me the ring,” (seizes her by the wrist) “ and certificate, we are alone. I will kill you to get them !”

Mrs. Drake (struggling) “ Help ! Help !”

Enter Prince (*R.*)—“ I heard a woman's voice, calling for help, where is she ? Say, you, let go !” (Strikes Meadows on the breast, who staggers back, letting go of Mrs. Drake.

*(Exit Mrs. Drake R. U. S.)*

Meadows (strikes Prince over the head with his cane, Prince falls to the ground, in falling a small locket becomes exposed, attached to his neck by a chain, Meadows bends over and observes the locket.)

Gip (rises out of the doorway and peers at them around the corner.

Meadows—“ A locket, I will see what it contains,” (opens the locket) “ Albert Clayton's face ! This must be his son ! For his interference in my affairs I'll secure this, and destroy all proof of his identity.” (Breaks the chain, and puts locket in his pocket.)

Gip (slips up behind Meadows and takes the locket from his pocket.) *(Exit Gip R.)*

Meadows (rises.)

*(Exit L.)*

Enter Si—(Observes the prostrate man, stoops and looks at him) “ Ah ! Prince, the fruit peddler, poor fellow ! some drunken brute has done this. I will help him to his room before a cop comes along and runs him in.” (Prince revives, is helped to his feet.)

*Exeunt Si and Prince R. U. S.)*



Re-nter Meadows (*L.*)—"I must have dropped the locket on the ground." (Looks for it.)

Enter Gip (*R.*)—"I say, mister, gimme a nickel fer coffee?"

Meadows (fiercely)—"Get out of here, you ragamuffin."

Gip—" 'Spose I'z ragged, I don't role a drunk, looz der swag an' go ter clawing in der mud fer it."

Meadows—"See here, boy, what do you know? Come here, here is some money for you." (Shows money.)

Gip—"Frow it 'ere, I ain't der kid ter let yer get yer claws on ter." (Sings)

"Fer yer er so very kind,  
In yer mind, in yer mind."

[Ends with a mocking laugh.]

Enter Shinbourn (*R. D. S.* laughing)—"Ha! Ha! Ha! Clarence Meadows, having a bout with Gip, one of the smartest gamins in the city. Ha! Ha!"

Meadows (angrily)—"You need not be so merry, I have had too much to annoy me to-night."

Shinbourn (to Gip)—"Take this," (throws him a piece of money) "now get out of here, you young Arab."

Gip (catches the piece, looks at it and bites it)—"Gov., I'll see yer later." (*Exit Gip*) (while Mugs is singing he returns and hides in cellarway on the corner.)

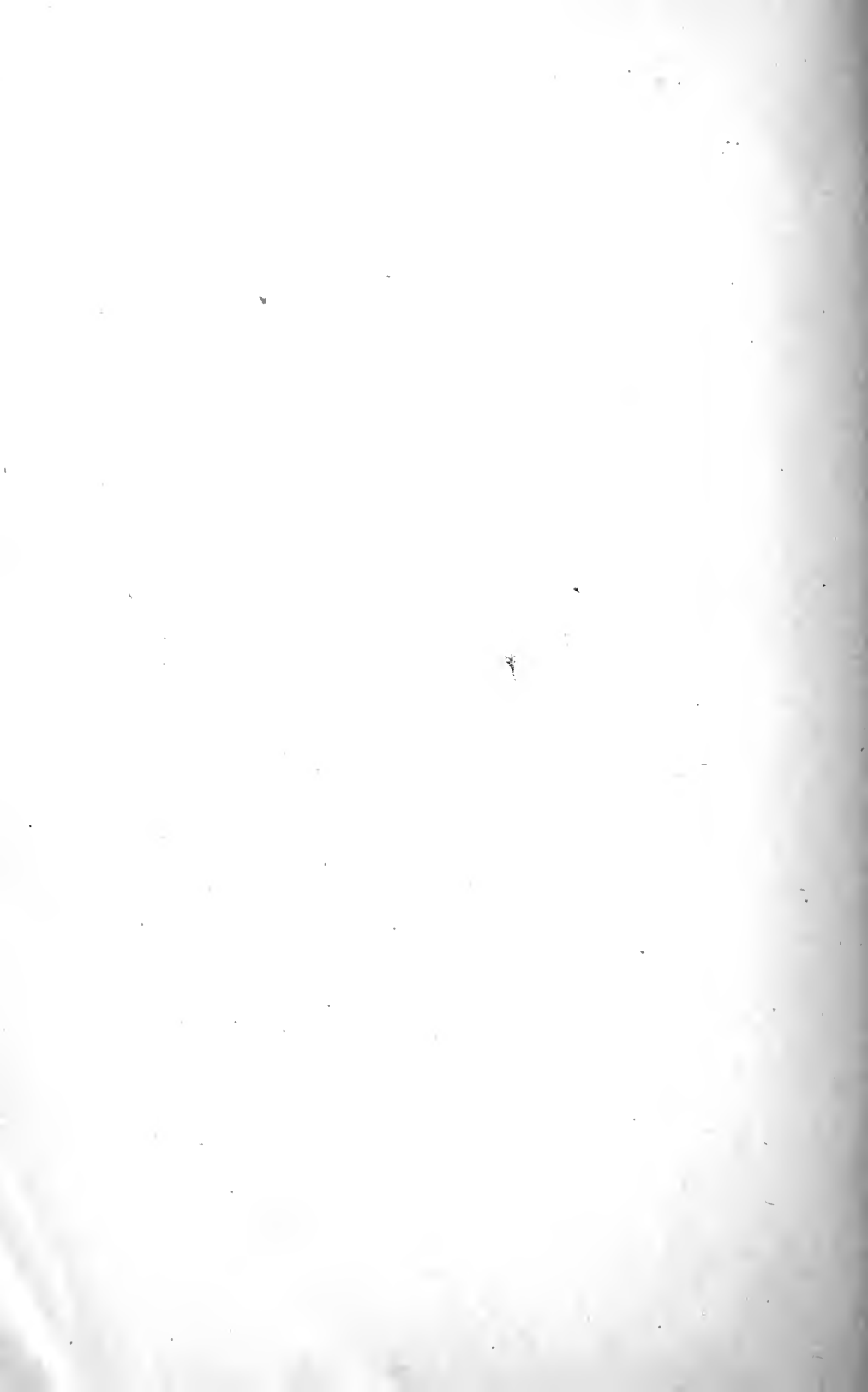
Enter Mugs (*L. D. S.* drunk and singing,)

"Once I was a landlord's pet, then I had money to spend;  
I spent it in drink, and verily did think  
It never would come to an end.  
But now I have nothing but rags to my back,  
My boots won't hide my toes-o-oes,  
The crown of my hat goes flip, flop, flap,  
Boys laugh at my rum-blossom'd nose.

(Speaks) That's SO!

(Gazing stupidly around discovers Shinbourn and Meadows, staggers up to them.)—"Could I speak to you? If I had twenty-five cents I could get a bed," (aside) "or a drink."

Meadows (Gives him a piece of money) "Now go!"



Mugs (staggering away) "I always knew you were a gentleman."  
(Looks at the money) "The money is good, anyhow." (*Exit Mugs, singing.*)

"The crown of my hat goes flip, flop, flap."

Shinbourn—"You look worried, what's up."

Meadows—"My wife is in the city, I just met her."

Shinbourn—"Very likely she lives around on Stevenson street. If she should find you out, you would be in a nice fix."

Meadows—"She shall never know."

Shinbourn (aside—"He is in a desperate mood; I will spring the game on him.") (To Meadows) "I see that James Clayton is on his way home. He will miss his bonds."

Meadows—"What do you mean, what do you know about the bonds?"

Shinbourn—"Oh, your position is plain. No man can place forty or fifty thousand dollars in wild speculation on twenty-five hundred a year."

Meadows—"Ah, then you know."

Shinbourn—"Yes, you have but one way to safety."

Meadows—"And that?"

Shinbourn—"You have the combination to the vault at the bank, I believe?"

Meadows—"Certainly, but what of that?"

Shinbourn—"Just this, give me the combination, and I will do the rest."

Meadows—"Oh! I see, it's a burglary you propose."

Shinbourn—"Say it easy; you having appropriated part of the funds in the day-time, I take the balance in the night, thereby covering your defalcation."

Meadows (aside—"The first gleam of hope.") (To Shinbourn) "I'll do it," (takes card out of his pocket and writes on it) "here is the combination, make sure work. But come, show me where my wife lives."  
(*Exeunt Meadows and Shinbourn R.*)



Gip (coming out of cellarway) "I'm on der racket, I'll be in der swim. Si en me er'l pertect der du-cats, I'll tote ter der ranch fer 'sultation." (Starts to go.)

Re-enter Meadows (catches hold of Gip)—"You young rascal where is the locket you stole out of my pocket?"

Gip—"H'y yer want ter reck a fellow's close? Wot yer talking about, I ain't got nuthin' er yourn." (Struggles.)

Enter Si—"Let go your grip on the lad, you hear me?" (Punches Meadows on the neck, who falls to the ground.)

*Curtain.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE 1—Parlor in James Clayton's mansion. Time, seven o'clock, P. M.

Grace Saville (at piano playing the waltz "A Friend of Mine.") Meadows (in easy chair gazing in admiration at Grace; as the music ceases, Grace turns from the piano, Meadows rises and goes to her)—"Grace, when will you give me the yes that makes me more than friead—the yes that will make you my wife, and me the happiest of men?"

Grace—"Clarence, you know by the terms of my father's will I cannot engage myself until I am of age without my guardian's consent."

Meadows—"But Grace, you will be of age in a few days, and your guardian will give his consent on his return."

Grace—"Do not urge me, Clarence, it gives me as much pain as it does you disappointment that I cannot answer you now."

Enter Maid (hands Grace a card).

*(Exit Maid.)*

Grace (reads card, turning to Meadows)—"Excuse me, Clarence, there is a lady waiting with whom I have an engagement, I must bid you good night."





Meadows—"Good night." (*Exit Grace.*) "I feel her answer will be the yes I seek, but I must wait for her guardian's return." (Stops in thought a moment) "Now for my wife; I must silence her, if not by fair means then by foul." (*Exit Clarence.*)

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SCENE 2—A room in a lodging-house. Time, eight o'clock, P. M.

Enter Si—"I do not know why I take such an interest in this poor woman. I will leave the provisions for her, I know she needs them." (Places them on the table and steps to the stove.) "The wood is almost gone, I will go and get some." (*Exit Si.*)

Enter Mrs. Drake (lights the lamp, discovers the provisions on the table)—"Why, my guardian angel has been here, I wonder who it can be? They have saved me from starvation more than once." (Turns to the stove.) "There is only wood for morning, I will have to eat a cold supper." (Seats herself at the table.)

Enter Meadows—"My dear, it's a long time since you had the pleasure of my company."

Mrs. Drake—"The pleasure of your company was but another name for a woman's folly, which too soon changed to sorrow."

Meadows—"Call it so; now to the purpose of my visit, you must give me the certificate of our marriage, leave for some secluded place in the East and forget you ever knew me; I will furnish you with money to begin life anew."

Mrs. Drake (rising out of her chair)—"Fiend, do you know what you ask, what it is for a woman to surrender all that guards her honor?"

Meadows—"I am a desperate man, and am here to enforce you to comply with my terms."

Mrs. Drake—"Never, while life lasts, will I consent to such infamous terms—never!"

Meadows—"Then life shall not last long!" (He catches her by the throat, they struggle, she appears to be dead, he places her on the lounge, then searching finds the certificate, starts for the door, looks back) "I will upset the lamp, set fire to the house, destroy all evidence of this, and who's to know?" (Upsets the lamp, lays a paper leading to the oil, fires the paper.) (*Exit Meadows.*)



Enter Si (with a sack of wood ; sees the lamp and fire creeping to the oil, lays down the wood and extinguishes the fire, takes a candle from the mantle-shelf, lights it, discovers Mrs. Drake apparently dead) "There is murder here ! Who has done this ? See the mark of cruel fingers on her throat !" (Feels her pulse.) "Ah, there is a feeble throb, I must start the blood in circulation." (Takes from an inside pocket of his coat a small case of surgical instruments, uncovers her arm, cutting a flesh-colored tube connected with a rubber bulb filled with red colored fluid, she pressing on the bulb, the fluid flows out, giving the appearance of bleeding, she shows signs of life, and he hastily bandages her arm, takes out a small vial) "This will give her strength." (pours a few drops in a glass of water, and gives it to her, her breathing becomes regular.) "She lives ! Lives, not for revenge, but for justice !"

*Curtain.*

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Office and bar in the Home for the Weary. Time, ten o'clock, P. M. Landlady in the bar, several lodgers in the room.

Enter Gip and Prince (they sit down, appear to be talking).

Enter Mugs (carrying a jug and singing)—

"Spare, oh spare this jug,

Oft times its warmed the heart (speaks) of Mugs."

(Staggers up to the bar.)

"Mrs. Bloomfield, I hope you're quite well—

I'm all broke up, and have had a bad spell—

I've traveled far, am very tired and thirsty, too,

Would you give me a drink on my I O U ?"

Mrs. Bloomfield—"Mugs, it's no go, but if you will sing a song I'll treat for old acquaintance sake."

Mugs—"All right." (Sings.)



## THE ONE AND THE OTHER.

- 1        " They're born the same, the rich, the tramp,  
              As you must certainly know,  
              Tho' living apart, they end the same,  
              As I will surely show.  
              The rich they go on a journey afar,  
              A tramp comes jogging behind;  
              The rich they ride in a gilded car,  
              A tramp on the baggage, blind,  
              CHORUS—Tho' his coat is ragged and torn,  
                              His hands are grimy with dirt—  
                              The coat can cover a heart that's warm,  
                              Tho' his hands are unwilling to work.

- 2        The rich wear clothes from a tailor, so grand,  
              A tramp wears what he can get.  
              The rich wear hats with silken bands,  
              A tramp's is made out of felt.  
              The rich they dine at restaurants fine,  
              A tramp, where he dines ain't clear.  
              The rich sip wine from a glass that shines,  
              While a tramp from a can drinks beer.  
              CHO.—Tho' his coat is ragged and torn, etc.

- 3        The rich lie down on beds of down,  
              A tramp on a cellar door.  
              The rich are covered with satin spreads,  
              A tramp has no covering o'er.  
              The rich they die, as die they will,  
              A tramp he dies when he must,  
              The rich, the tramp, a box they fill,  
              While both are turning to dust.  
              CHO.—Tho' his coat is ragged and torn, etc.

(At close of song, all go up to the bar but Gip and Prince.)

Enter Si (Gip and Prince go up to Si.)

Gip—"I say, Si, 'eres a locket a bloke took off er chap's neck ;  
 I prigged it out ter his pocket." (Si and Prince examine the  
 locket.)

Prince—"This is mine, it has the picture of my father and-  
 mother. It was taken from my neck last night while I was un-  
 conscious."



Si (with a start hands the locket to Prince)—“It is of great value to you; take good care of it.

Gip—“Der bloke an anuther gent 'greed ter rob Clayton's Bank; we kin spile der game.”

Si—“Come, lads, we will take a turn down by the Bank.”

(*Exeunt Si, Gip and Prince.*)

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SCENE 2.—(Interior of James Clayton's Banking House. Time, seven o'clock, P. M. Clerk at work on books, he gets down from his stool, puts books in the vault, closes and locks the door, draws screen gate away from front of vault.) (*Exit Clerk.*)

(The vault is made of fine wire cloth, painted white, with curtains inside that draw up when the doors are closed by the burglars on entering the vault. Bunch lights are turned on so that the interior of vault is plainly seen, while the outside of vault remains in plain view of the audience.)

(Time changes to 12 o'clock, midnight.)

Enter Shinbourn and Hope (they make a short but sharp examination of the office.)

Shinbourn (in a whisper)—“You keep watch while I unlock this door, if surprised we can get away.” (He unlocks the door, then goes to and unlocks the door to the vault, both enter and close the doors behind them, and drill a hole in door of safe, insert a cartridge attached to fuse. fire fuse and the safe is blown open. They then gather up the money and put it in small hand bag, open the door to vault, step out and are confronted by Si; Shinbourn drops the bag, grabs a jimmy, raises it to strike; Si covers him with a pistol, for one moment they glare in each other's eyes) Si—“Drop your weapon or I'll shoot.” (Shinbourn cowers, drops his weapon, and shrinks back, looking over Si's shoulder exclaims) “Stop, don't hit him, Jim.” (Si turns his head and Shinbourn makes a leap towards Si, strikes him a blow on the arm, Si drops the pistol, Shinbourn and Hope start for the door, Si catches hold of Hope, forces him back on a desk, Hope gets a knife out.)





Enter Prince and Gip (Prince takes hold of Hope's arm, Gip picks up the pistol, places it at Hope's head) "Der yer gin in? Si, is yer hurt?"

*Curtain.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE—Reception room in James Clayton's mansion. Time, ten o'clock, A. M. Clayton seated reading paper.

Enter Grace (draws a hassock up to Clayton, seats herself.) "Now guardie, you must tell me all about your trip and the sights you have seen."

Enter Maid (hands Clayton a card, he looks at it)

Clayton—"Show the gentleman in."

Enter Si and Prince—"I hardly think you will know me in this guise, I will remove it," (takes off his hat, coat, whiskers and wig) "No longer Si, the Tramp, but Detective Spinner, at your service."

Clayton (rises out of his chair and takes Spinner by the hand)—"I feel you have been successful. Where is the boy?"

Spinner—"Yes, I have been successful. I return the locket you entrusted to my care." (Hands Clayton the locket.) "This young man will furnish you with the duplicate and the certificate of his parents' marriage."

Prince (hands the locket and certificate to Clayton).

Clayton (looks at them for a moment, takes Prince by the hand, gazes in his face, and in a tremulous voice) "Yes, I see every feature of poor Albert in his face. Poor boy, there are brighter days in store for you." (To Grace) "This is my grandson; his future home will be with us." (Grace takes Prince by the hand; they appear to be talking.)

Enter Meadows (excited)—"I have come to inform you that the bank was entered by burglars last night, and the safe robbed of its contents."



Spinner (interrupting, to Clayton)—“I understood something of the kind was to happen, but arriving there just as the burglars were leaving, I attempted to arrest them. I captured one, the other escaped, leaving the money” (turning to Meadows) “and his confederates behind.”

Meadows—“What do you mean, why do you address me?”

Spinner—“Easy young man, I will explain. You having embezzled certain bonds left in the bank for safe-keeping, and also having become the associate of criminals, with a desperate chance of saving yourself, gave them the combination of the vault, trusting to their skill to do the rest. You then visited the home of your poor, wronged wife, choked her into insensibility, leaving her for dead, setting fire to the house, and carrying away the only proof of your marriage under your proper name—Allan Drake.”

Meadows (listening with dismay, but recovering himself as Spinner ceased—to Clayton and Grace) “He lies, I am innocent! He has no proof!” (turns to face Spinner and Mrs. Drake stands before him) “My God, my wife, alive? I am lost!”

Enter Gip—“If 'ere isn't der gent I 'erd puttin' up der job ter rob der bank!”

Grace (scornfully)—“And you are the man who seeks an honorable woman for his wife; a murderer—a thief! Your wife, thank God that I have escaped such a fate!” (Turns with a sob to Clayton.)

Meadows—“Curse the fate that balked my plans.” (Starts for the door, is confronted by Gip who points a pistol at him.)

Gip—“Pass in der checks, yer game is up.”

Meadows (draws a knife and takes a step towards Gip, who fires at him, Meadows stops, drops his knife, presses his hand to his side, and sinks to the ground)—“It's ended, do your worst.”

Spinner—You will be punished for your crimes, there is no escape.”

Meadows—“Yes I will,” (holds up his hand, covered with blood) “See, I am beyond the surgeon's skill!”

Spinner—“Curse it!”



Meadows—"Ah, you are vexed, now that you have caught me, but I shall escape your grasp."

Mrs. Drake (stepping towards him)—Oh, Allen, make your peace with God and man while there is time. I will send for a doctor."

Meadows—"No doctor could save me. From man I have nothing to fear ; with God—too—late ! Is—there—a—world—above ? Mother—I——." (Falls back dead.)







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